Beautiful Miss Armadale.

By Mrs. W. H. PALMER.

CHAPTER I.

He was placing his arm about her waist.

Victor Forsyth and Alan Craig were greeting each other with restrained but unmistakable satisfaction on the platform of the little station at Indian Beach.

"Hello, old man!"

"How are you, Craig?"

"First rate. John will take your traps. I suppose you'd rather walk—to stretch your legs?"

"By all means."

The traveler handed his well worn valise, his overcoat, checks, umbrella and cane to the servant, and the two young men started onward at a swinging pace.

It was a late August day—warm and still. Just as they left the station steps a village cart containing a couple of ladies came whirling along the sandy road. The horse wore a gold plated harness, and the ladies' toilets gave an impression of elegance which was shared by even the slim, straight whip decorated with a narrow streamer of pale blue ribbon. The occupants of the cart bowed graciously to Craig in spite of their apparent haste to reach the station. The young man lifted his straw hat, and his friend of course performed the same ceremony.

"Who are they?" he asked as one of the two alighted and entered the telegraph office.

"Lucille Eliot and her friend," was the answer.

"Mighty good looking girls," was the careless remark of Forsyth as he and his host struck across the sandy highway toward the beach, against which the summer sea broke in slow, caressing ripples.

"Yes," was the thoughtful rejoinder; "they seem between them to unite most of the attractions of womankind. One or the other might suit even you, Forsyth—unless," with a quick glance, "you have left your heart in Germany with some of those placid frauleins."

"No," said Forsyth in an indifferent way. "I've seen very little of ladies' society these past three years."

He lifted his hat as he spoke and faced the cool salt air and the shining sea with a tired traveler's weary satisfaction.

"You never were oversentimental about girls," laughed Craig, "even in our sophomore days. I doubt if you've ever been genuinely in love."

"No, and I never shall be—but once—and the time hasn't come yet," was the rejoinder.

The two young men were near the same height and weight, but had no other point of resemblance. Victor Forsyth was dark, intellectual, refined looking. He had gray eyes, never intended—though they were handsome eyes—for indiscriminate service in lovemaking. He wore his full dark beard in German fashion, and the white hand with which he chanced to stroke it as he gazed off over the shining sea was a hand for gesture, for persuasion or command—a hand which had soul in its nervous lines.

Craig was handsomer in a more commonplace way. His older sisters had dubbed him a "girl runner" at fifteen. He was the "masher" par excellence of his college class. At twenty-five he was still so fascinating with his elegant figure, his large blue eyes and exquisite golden mustache that his pert little Cousin Clare had declared only that morning that any girl who married Alan might expect to share him with womankind in general, adding that for her part she believed in monopoly in the marriage contract. All of which meant that Clare in her way was also in love with her cousin.

Craig and Forsyth walked slowly along the beach. They had been great chums, and they did not dream that the three years of separation which had followed their graduation from college had brought any changes which could affect their friendship. Nothing indeed could do that unless it was a love affair. It was perhaps the consciousness of this which caused Craig's abrupt question concerning the state of Forsyth's affections.

"This is a sort of lotos land, Alan," was the newcomer's remark presently. "'Blank ocean and mere sky'—that is what I've been longing for. I am wearied out with people and things. How I shall enjoy this emptiness—with you!"

A quizzical smile crossed Craig's face, "Well, certainly we are not crowded here at the beach. But I suspect you'll have to admit a good deal besides 'blank ocean and mere sky' into your life during the next month or so—duck shooting, for instance."

"Have you a houseful of company?" Forsyth inquired, with a sort of dismay.

"Well, my married sisters' friends keep coming and going, and my Cousin Clare—you remember her?—she is the Miss Craig now, and a more terrible child at eighteen than she was at fifteen. But the worst of it is, Victor," added Alan, with sudden seriousness, "you and I are the only men in the family, and we can't expect much time off duty."

"Then society has even invaded the lonely strip of coast?" was the mournful comment.

"Bless me, man, how else came the railroad and telegraph, and the villas, and the lawns and—Lucille Eliot and her friend!"

"Yes, I might have known."

"But it is good society. Comfort yourself with that. Miss Eliot is beautiful, rich, rather serious in style. And her friend, Hope Armadale"——

"Does language fail to describe her?" asked Forsyth with quiet irony as Craig paused abruptly in his description.

"Yes, it does—that is, any language I can command. She is very fascinating."

"Ah, so? Alan Craig's hour has struck then?"

"You and I won't joke on the subject, Victor. I—I—don't think I've a ghost of a chance with Miss Armadale. Every man at the beach is more or less in love with her."

"And she?"

"Wait until you see her. She is to dine with us this evening."

"A formal dinner?" sighed Forsyth.

"Got up in your honor, my philosopher. But here is Craig cottage," turning toward the spacious Queen Anne villa that stood in dull red outlines against the gray sky, with clumps of blue hydrangeas massed in the center of the smooth green lawn. "It is scarcely five o'clock," he added, "and I propose to smuggle you into your quarters and leave you alone until seven."

"Thanks," said Forsyth, adding. "I little knew into what a vortex I was plunging. It is fortunate that I have a dress suit."

"The 'vortex' will do you good," was the reply. "In a month those two significant lines between your eyebrows will have disappeared. No, no, Victor; it is too soon for us to begin to grow old."

Forsyth found himself established in a chamber overlooking the sea, with dressing room attached. His cases had been opened and toilet articles arranged, his steamer trunk unpacked, the contents placed in the wardrobe with soothing dexterity by an accomplished valet, and an hour remained to him before he must dress.

He had not taken this wearisome journey for the sake of studying dinner cards and doing the agreeable to his next neighbor. He felt bored in advance, and spent the time wondering how he could contrive to cut short his visit. And as he sat by the open window listening to the beat of the waves against the rocks he could hear from time to time in the intervening silence the thud of a tennis racket, a succession of rapid soprano exclamations and baritone protests, and finally the laughter of the chorus.

"For heaven's sake," he muttered, "is this same sort of thing going on still? Has Alan kept at it steadily for the three past years?"

By and by silence fell. The tennis players had dispersed. It was half an hour before dinner.

Promptly at seven Craig tapped at his friend's door, and they went together through the winding corridors, down the broad stairs. The fading summer daylight mingled with the soft glow of shaded lamps, and the damp salt air made the scent of burning pine knots grateful.

"What are you going to do with me?" Forsyth asked.

"You will see. My sister is only waiting our appearance to give the signal for dinner."

Mrs. Macy, a handsome blond, like her brother Alan, held out a cordial hand sparkling with costly rings.

"Welcome home and to Craig cottage, Mr. Forsyth."

"How do? I shall examine you later," from Clare Craig, extending one finger tip as she glanced with big black eyes over her bare shoulders and returned to her companion's story.

"Miss Eliot, permit me—Mr. Forsyth."

Forsyth found himself bowing silently for the third time, with the oppressive sense of the necessity of pulling himself together and doing the agreeable.

Miss Eliot ceased moving her fan. She wore a contented smile, as though life on the whole was a very pleasant affair, while in her large blue eyes was a latent wonder as to whether there might not be in existence some possibilities not compassed by dinners and drives and sails and calls.

The dinner signal was given, and Forsyth and Miss Eliot were drifting to their places among the sixteen others who assembled around the table with the centerpiece of ferns, the branching silver candlesticks, the thin stemmed glasses, and over all the becoming rose colored light.

Of course, as the soup in the royal Worcester plates and the ices in the cut glass cups came and went, they talked about Indian Beach, and then about Berlin, about undertows and thronerooms, all in the subdued way of people who are bound to keep up this sort of thing, as the resigned dog keeps up the tread upon the platform which is attached to the churn.

Suddenly—Forsyth had really become a little interested in his conversation, Miss Eliot was so calm, so unaffected, so intelligent—suddenly, therefore, warming somewhat in his own talk, he sat upright and glanced, as he was speaking, down the table. Craig sat at the end, and on his left was a lady upon whom Victor Forsyth's intense eyes rested for a moment—just a moment, from which his whole after life bore the impression, as flesh bears a scar. The lady was leaning forward speaking to some one opposite. Being on the same side with Forsyth, it was her side face that he saw. She had the low Greek brow, but no straight Greek line from eyes to chin had ever the seduction that lurked in this slight inward curving profile, the delicate, spirited nostrils, the babyish mouth, the protruding chin, the swelling throat, the bare shoulders. Her dress was of the simplest—soft creamy silk gathered about her form as if to merely drape it. She wore no jewels or ornaments; her dark brown hair was twisted to conform to the shape of her head, a fringy ring or two straying upon her forehead, curling against the white nape of her neck.

As she ceased speaking she moved backward out of range of Forsyth's fascinating eyes. He recovered himself, as if a mesmeric influence had suddenly been removed.

"The young lady who was driving with you this afternoon—is at the table, I think," he stammered.

"Miss Armadale—yes, she is here. She is my guest this summer," returned Miss Eliot with calm surprise.

"True. Mr. Craig mentioned your names. I had just come in by the train as you drove to the station," persisted Forsyth.

"I know. We were forewarned of your arrival, of course, on account of this dinner."

"Craig and I are old friends," said Forsyth vaguely.

If Miss Eliot had been very brilliant herself she would have wondered perhaps that Victor Forsyth, of whom she had heard so much, did not appear more brilliant. She was rather relieved at his quiet way. She had already said to herself: "He is a very nice fellow. No one would suspect he was worth half a million. Now," she added mentally, "it will be a pity if he, too, is going daft over Hope Armadale. She has destroyed Alan's peace of mind, and that is enough, though he is such a flirt."

The dinner went on; Forsyth had no longer but one idea. It was to gain another look at the enchanting face that had appeared and disappeared. Furtive, almost feverish, he watched the end of the table. He could see that Craig had eyes and thoughts only for the lady beside him. At times a moody look came over his handsome face which Forsyth never remembered to have seen there before. But Miss Armadale did not come fairly within range again.

When they rose from the table Forsyth had but one motive. It was to get presented to Miss Armadale. For that reason he devoted himself to Lucille Eliot as the most likely means of accomplishing his purpose. But Craig and Miss Armadale had disappeared from the drawing room. Forsyth thought the figure in the long white cloak which passed and repassed the windows on Craig's arm was she, but he had no excuse for joining them.

Presently there was a strong touch on the keyboard of the piano, gliding into a measured waltz. The servants were rolling up the long rugs that covered the hardwood floors, and setting the chairs against the wall. Some one was inviting Miss Eliot to waltz. She excused herself to Forsyth, and he remained standing watching the door. Two or three couples were moving to slow waltz time up and down the floor. Forsyth's attention was caught by some one clapping their hands together smartly and calling out in a peremptory way. "Faster!"

It was Hope Armadale. She and Craig had entered by a side door, and stood together at the extreme end of the long room. She had a bunch of blue violets in her bosom, which Forsyth was sure she had not worn at dinner. Had she just accepted them from Craig? Was he her lover? He was placing his arm about her waist. Forsyth had never before seen "poetry" in a woman's motion. His senses swam as Hope Armadale came flying past him.

"For pity's sake, Mr. Victor Forsyth, have you left your manners in Germany? Don't you see there aren't dancing men enough to go round?" It was Clare Craig in blue wrap and silver bangles, who had come up to him unperceived.

"But, Miss Clare—I don't waltz."

"Ridiculous. Come!" She seized his hand. "Hold me tighter. You are a great deal too tall for me."

"No matter. We are getting on all right."

"Of course we are."

"And—when you are through with me, won't you introduce me to the tallest lady in the room?"

"The tallest lady, Hope Armadale?"

"Yes."

"Of course I will, just to tease Alan."

"Is" — Forsyth's heartbeats almost choked him—"is Alan engaged to Miss Armadale?"

"He'd like to be."

Forsyth could have hugged the elfish Clare for the comfort of her saucy words.

"Come," she said, suddenly stopping midway in a revolution, disengaging herself and catching her small hands around her partner's arm. "Alan has gone for her cloak or something. Now is your chance. Mr. Forsyth wants to waltz with you, Hope, because you're tall," she went on, all in a breath. "I don't show him off enough," she was saying. Then her hands were unclasped, and she was gone.

Forsyth was murmuring something about "pleasure." He had partial control of his words, none whatever of his eyes, which looked exaltingly into Hope Armadale's!

"We tall people can sympathize with each other," she said.

"If height is—a bond of sympathy, blessed be my many inches," laughed Forsyth. "Will you give me one turn?"

"Mr. Craig has just gone for the carriage. We promised Mrs. Eliot to come home early."

"One turn," repeated Forsyth between entreaty and command.

Miss Armadale rose, half undecided, but still she rose. He held her in his arms. They caught the time, which the musician quickened when he saw that Miss Armadale was dancing again. Forsyth's protest to Clare was an affectation. He waltzed superbly. The pair moved in swift smooth circles, as though by a single will. Forsyth knew this—knew that the will they moved by was his. He breathed the odor of the blue violets in Hope Armadale's bosom, and it suffocated him. He was sure Craig had placed the flowers there. He could almost have snatched them away and scattered them underfoot.

They were the last left dancing.

"We must stop," Miss Armadale said.

He obeyed her almost abruptly. They were face to face with Miss Eliot and Alan Craig. Miss Eliot had her wraps about her. She looked a little disturbed.

"You are waiting for me," said Miss Armadale penitently.

"You know that mamma is ill and alone with the servants."

"What's that—when one is having a good time!" cried Clare Craig mockingly.

"Clare!" said Alan gravely.

"Oh, I'm speaking for people in general—not for myself. When I speak for myself it's as good as a sermon," said the incorrigible girl.

"Let's have a cigar, Victor," said Alan Craig when the last guest had gone and the servants were putting out the lights.

They went into the library together. A pale, late moon looked in through the tall stained window, and they heard the rush of the tide without.

"How did you come to dance with Hope Armadale?" Craig asked abruptly at the end of several minutes of silence, in which both felt that something was brewing. His words had a hard, threatening sound.

Forsyth hesitated before he said stubbornly, "I suppose because I was determined to do it." And he added with a sneer, "Is Miss Armadale private property?"

Craig's hand was clinched as it rested on the arm of his chair.

"Let her alone, Victor," he said betwen his teeth, "if you care for my friendship."

Forsyth got up haughtily.

"Have you a claim on Miss Armadale? Yes or no?" he said angrily.

Alan sprang to his feet also. Then his expression changed. He was an even tempered fellow on the whole.

"We'll not quarrel tonight, Victor. it takes two to quarrel," he said. "I trust we shall never quarrel about a woman. But—we used to be confidential of old. I am ready to keep up the habit. And so—I am going to tell you that about all I care for in the world is to win Hope Armadale."

Forsyth winced.

"I wish you had not told me."

"I've flirted with lots of girls, as you know," Craig went on. "I've fancied myself in love several times, and have discovered that I was mistaken. But now I tell you frankly I am in for it. If I can't win Hope Armadale I shall—go to the dogs. I am a different fellow since I've known her. I've thought, you know, that I was irresistible!" with a short, nervous laugh. "Well, now I've no pride left—as you may judge from what I'm saying. I have just one desire, one determination, and that is to make myself necessary to that girl."

Forsyth's face was stern and unsympathetic.

"I suppose I ought to feel honored by your confidence, Craig; but, to tell the truth, there are some sentiments which men had better keep to themselves."

The two were standing. The cold moonlight streamed through the stained window into the dimly lighted room. Their faces looked fierce and ghostly in the wan light.

"Do you mean that we are to be rivals?" asked Craig slowly.

"You have no reason to fear a bookworm like me," equivocated Forsyth contemptuously. "And besides, since you have set the example of confidence, I will tell you that my investments have failed; that I am no longer a rich man"——

A gleam of triumph crossed Craig's handsome face.

"She has got to marry a man with money—she has none," he said.

"All right, then," retorted Forsyth fiercely; "she can choose between us." And he lighted his candle by the one burning on the table. "Come," he said, "let us give up the struggle for tonight, and tomorrow—when I patch up some excuse for taking myself out of your house, and when afterward it is found that I have not left the beach after all, you will understand that it is best to let my reasons stand unchallenged."

"One word more," said Craig. "Miss Armadale has as good as accepted me. I have no right really to tell this. But—tonight—on the piazza, after dinner, I said irrevocable words—to which she listened without dissent. If you—should—cut me out, Forsyth, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that in her heart she has already accepted me."

"Forewarned is forearmed," said Forsyth, moving to the door. And for the first time in their eight years of friendship he felt a sense of superiority to his friend—that superiority in things intellectual which tells even in a contest for a woman's heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUST FACE DANGERS.

THUS OUR SOULS GROW AND OUR MISSIONS ARE FULFILLED.

Reflections on the Uselessness of Shallow Water Explorers—Where Should the Blame Rest For Many Failures?—The Responsibility of Paternity.

What would be thought of a ship that was launched from its docks with flourish of music and flowing wine, built to sail the roughest and deepest sea, yet manned for an unending cruise along shore? Never leaving harbor for dread of storm. Never swinging out of the land girt bay because, over the bar, the waters were deep and rough. You would say of such a ship that its captain was a coward and the company that built it were fools.

And yet these souls of ours were fashioned for bottomless soundings. There is no created thing that draws as deep as the soul of man; our life lies straight across the ocean and not along shore, but we are afraid to venture; we hang upon the coast and explore shallow lagoons or swing at anchor in idle bays. Some of us strike the keel into riches and cruise about therein, like men-of-war in a narrow river. Some of us are contented all our days to ride at anchor in the becalmed waters of selfish ease. There are guns at every porthole of the ship we sail, but we use them for pegs to hang clothes upon or pigeonholes to stack full of idle hours. We shall never smell powder, although the magazine is stocked with holy wrath wherewith to fight the devil and his deeds. When I see a man strolling along at his ease, while under his very nose some brute is maltreating a horse, or some coward venting his ignoble wrath upon a creature more helpless than he, whether it be a child or a dog, I involuntarily think of a double decked whaler content to fish for minnows. Their uselessness in the world is more apparent than the uselessness of a Cunarder in a park pond.

What did God give you muscle and girth and brain for if not to launch you on the high seas? Up and away with you then into the deep soundings where you belong, O belittled soul! Find the work to do for which you were fitted and do it, or else run yourself on the first convenient snag and founder.

Some great writer has said that we ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea, whereas, in fact, thousands enter the river at its mouth and sail inland, finding less and less water every day, until in old age they lie shrunk and gasping upon dry ground.

But there are more who do not sail at all than there are of those who make the mistake of sailing up stream. There are the women who devote their lives to the petty business of pleasing worthless men. What progress do they make even inland? With sails set and brassy stanchions polished to the similitude of gold, they hover a lifetime chained to a dock and decay of their own uselessness at last, like keels that are mud slugged. It is not the most profitable thing in the world to please. Suppose it shall please the inmates of a bedlam house to see you set fire to your clothing and burn to death, or break your bones one by one upon a rack, or otherwise destroy your bodily parts that the poor lunatics might be entertained. Would it pay to be pleasing to such an audience at such a sacrifice? We were put into this world with a clean way bill for another port than this. Across the ocean of life our way lies, straight to the harbor of the city of gold. We are freighted with a consignment from roomage hold to keep which is bound to be delivered sooner or later at the great Master's wharf. Let us be alert, then, to recognize the seriousness of our own destinies and content ourselves no longer with shallow soundings. Spread the sails, weigh the anchor and point the prow for the country that lies the other side of a deep and restless sea. Sooner or later the voyage must be made; let us make it, then, while the timber is stanch and the rudder true.

When you look at a picture and find it good or bad, as the case may be, whom do you praise or blame, the owner of the picture or the artist who painted it? When you hear a strain of music and are either lifted to heaven or cast into the other place by its harmonies or its discord, whom do you thank or curse for the benefaction or the infliction, whichever it may have proved to be, the man who wrote the score or the music dealer who sold it? You go to a restaurant and order spring chicken which turns out to be the primeval fowl. Who is to blame, the waiter who serves it or the business man of the concern who does the marketing? And so when you encounter the bad boy, whom do you hold responsible for his badness, the boy himself or the mother who trained him? I declare, as I look about me from day to day and see the men and women who play so poor a part in life, it is not the poverty of their performance that astonishes me so much as the fact that it is as good as it is.

With the parents that many boys and girls have and the training they receive I am perfectly amazed that they ever attain to even half way respectability. Did you ever stop to think, I wonder, what an awful responsibility is laid upon you with every child given to your home? If you appreciate the risk and take the responsibility I shouldn't think you would find much time for other callings. A man who is drawing up the plans for a new house attends to his business closely and doesn't go off on many picnics or sail over seas in pursuit of pleasure while his plans are pending. A man who has entered a young horse for the Derby spends most of his time training the colt. He doesn't loaf about town or read novels or lie abed late; he is alert and on hand if he expects to win the race. Carelessness and indifference never brought a winning horse under the wire yet.—Amber in Chicago Herald.

A Rival to Oak.

The representative of a well known firm of builders informs me that he believes that he has hit upon a discovery in a Borneo wood called "bilian." It has a very close grain and in appearance is not unlike ebony, more especially after exposure to the air. Its main virtue, however, consists in its breaking strain, which is greater even than that of English oak. Moreover, "bilian" is not a particularly heavy wood, since it only weighs 60 pounds per cubic foot, against the 80 pounds of boxwood. Further, it seems remarkably free from the propensity to swell in water, and so would be extremely useful for subaqueous piles, besides being most suitable for beams and uprights in domestic architecture.—London Cor. Manchester Courier.

Fun In Maine.

Tears have often been shed over the partiality of the red ear at the husking, although nobody up to date has questioned that kissing should go by favor, but we see by the report of a Vassalboro husking bee, in the Waterville Mail, that for once the old rule was set aside, and the ideas of some of our socialistic friends as to "fare and fare alike" got in their work, for "no matter how reserved in manners or how fastidious and how short the acquaintance, every woman was smacked, and it was hard to tell who acted the worse, the boys or that portion of the assembly made up of the older men, the baldheaded men or old bachelors."—Lewiston Journal.

Shooting a Burglar.

The story told of a great man and very learned judge is related by an earwitness to the following effect: Mr. Justice Willes was asked, "If I look into my drawing room and see a burglar packing up the clock, and he cannot see me, what ought I to do?"

He replied as nearly as may be: "My advice to you, which I give as a man, as a lawyer and as an English judge, is as follows: In the supposed circumstances this is what you have a right to do, and I am by no means sure that it is not your duty to do it: Take a double barreled gun, carefully load both barrels, and then, without attracting the burglar's attention, aim steadily at his heart and shoot him dead."—Saturday Review.

A Cotton Factory to Supplant the Bath Paper Mill.

The purchasers of the Bath Paper Mills have determined to convert the property into a cotton factory. The Bath Paper Mills, it will be remembered, was purchased at public auction on Salesday in December for $10.100 by Messrs F. Henderson H. M. Dibble and John Gary Evans, Since then Messrs. Charles Estes, President of the King Mill, and Mr. Thomas Barrett, of the Langley Manufacturing Company, have each purchased a one-fifth interests in the Paper Mill Company's mill.

These gentlemen made an application to the Secretary of the State of South Carolina for the incorporation of a cotton factory.

The amount of stock to be subscribed, as specified in the application is not less than $300,000 or more than $1.000.000. The company will be thoroughly organized and the officers elected just as soon as the charter is granted.

The new owners do not intend to remodel or enlarge the old building as was contemplated, but they will tear down the old dilapidated structure and build a modern building suitable for all the purposes of a cotton factory. The capacity of the mill for the present will be 15,000 spindles, but it is expected that that number will be largely increased after the factory is well established.

The factory will be run by water power furnish by Horse Creek, that noble stream which is now being utilized in turning the wheels of Vaucluse, Graniteville and Langley, and which will turn the wheels of the new enterprise.

It will very likely be called the Aiken Cotton Mills Only the best grade and quality of yarn goods running from numbers 28 to 40, will be made.

The location of the company's offices will be determined on by the stockholders. Of course our Aiken stockholders will use their best efforts to have the company's offices located here.

The manufacturing of paper has not proven a profitable investment in Aiken County, but the manufacturing of cotton has, and it is hoped this new enterprise will not prove an exception. Success to the new enterprise.—Aiken Journal and Review.

Hotel Dispensaries.

Rules and regulations governing hotels selling liquor, under Section 21 of the dispensary law:

First. The manager of the hotel after giving the required bond, must receive a written appointment as assistant to the dispenser from whom said liquors are obtained.

Second. He will use the request books for orders from guests the same as though purchased at the dispensary, and the sales must conform in every respect to the requirement of the law, especially as to crossing out the labels, and writing the requests, using ink in all cases.

Third. No liquors shall be sold except by the bottle.

Fourth. The prices on the wine card must be those charged at the dispensary.

Fifth. He will obtain the liquors or wine by the case from the dispenser and report all sales, and pay over the amount due each day, getting new request book whenever needed and turning them over to the dispenser as fast as filled.

Sixth. No liquor shall be sold to any one but "bona fide" guests of the hotel, whose names are on the register.

Seventh. Sales to minors or to men already intoxicated are forbidden and no second sales shall be made to any guest who becomes intoxicated.

Notice.

No Hack-Drivers, Hotel Porters or Newsboys are allowed on the Passenger Depot Platform while Passenger Trains are at the Station.

B. K. DeLORME,
Agent, C. S. & N. R. R.